

"Awheel With Death," and the Way to Safeguard the Trip

Medical authority warns us that the period of reconstruction will also be a period of special liability to infectious diseases. In the so-called Spanish influenza, with its death toll exceeding our losses in battle, we have had an example of what may be expected when millions of men and women cease to live normally.

Although its precise origin is in doubt, it seems to owe its wide sweep and virulence to the disturbances of war, and not for years will these disturbances wholly disappear.

Hence among the other aspects of readjustment it will pay us to give close attention to the problems of health. Eternal vigilance is not the price of liberty alone; it is equally the price of health.

Thanks, then, to this growing diffusion of popular knowledge, the setting up of collective safeguards is much easier than it used to be. Purity of water supply, inspection of milk supply, sanitary disposal of refuse, and high standards of home and personal cleanliness, together with increasing police restriction of many recognized disease carriers, are less opposed than ever before, and the sentiment behind them is gradually extending the area of preventive or corrective action.

Yet, as Dr. Stephen J. Maher, president of the Connecticut Public Health Association, has recently pointed out, one very ominous source of peril, common to all our American cities, remains not only unpoliced, but day by day is growing worse. Pertinently he asks:

Of what protection will a scrubbed home and bathed bodies be so long as even one member of the family spends three to six hours a week in a street or subway car in which the incipiently sick and the well and the convalescing are packed so tightly together that neither those who sit nor those who stand can move hand or foot?

Of what value will be lectures on sunlight or fresh air to women who work in factories and who every morning from a hurried breakfast rush into the dark street and fight their way into the crowded car at the corner, and who, at the close of their arduous day, find themselves again in the same car clinging for support to straps or to the men and women beside them?

With what countenance can we preach to the poor about the desirability of their holding sweet converse with Nature, when the only means we provide for taking them from their homes to the country or the shore is a crowded conveyance in which they must suffer themselves for an hour or more to be crushed, trampled on, sat on, and made to endure insults to their personal dignity, as well as to their olfactory and visual senses?

How will the proposed health surveys of our towns and cities help us to ward off the next epidemic so long as we supply the oncoming disease with such ideal incubators of pestilence?

Why bother about segregating a few "carriers of disease" so long as we supply to millions of men, women, and children every night and every morning civilization's most perfect carriers of disease?

The only answer consistent with public health and public safety, of course, is that the transportation of Americans in cities should be reorganized to DO AWAY WITH DANGEROUS OVERCROWDING and to provide a sufficiency of service, so that every fare-payer may have fresh air and a comfortable seat.

But they tell us this is not possible.

Who tells us so?

The interests that seek a profit in strap-hanging, their paid attorneys, and the misled folk they have fooled.

It will never be possible while the public conveyances remain in private hands.

It will become possible when the people who use these conveyances require them to be run by the people for the people, and require them to be run well.

Today the costs of the infections spread by the overcrowded street cars are not borne by the owners who collect the fares, but fall upon the victims and upon society. And it is with the threat of inflicting MORE overcrowding, MORE disease, and MORE burdens of cost upon the people who have to ride that these owners in a dozen cities have asked or will ask the privilege of collecting yet higher fares, though offering no guarantees of an improved service or of a lessened liability as carriers of disease.

Until now, as Dr. Maher has said, the problem has remained unsolved in this country "because the rich have been indifferent and the poor helpless."

In many cities there is revolt against the demands of traction companies. There they have the vote with which to express opinion and voice dissatisfaction.

Here in Washington the people may object, but they can put no power back of that objection. Congress has the opportunity to correct conditions here. It can authorize Government ownership and end the cattle car system that at present prevails. It should do it.

WASHINGTON TIMES

WASHINGTON
JANUARY 27, 1919

The League of Husbands - By T. E. Powers

Showing How Bill Received a Medal and How He Lost It.



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Just another worried heart pouring out more troubles to you.

I am engaged to a Sammy in France, whom I love very much. For many months he has been away and has failed to write, and I cannot do so as I do not know his address. I have recently learned from friends that he never intends to return, and, of course, you can imagine my feelings. I still love Sammy, and pray each night for his return.

I greatly sympathize with the Marine who wrote you some time ago, and wish that my Sammy had been true to me, like the Marine was, only I am sorry for him, and wish to say that he should be glad he did not get such a girl for his wife.

I have many other friends in uniform in D. C. who care a great deal for me, but I have paid little attention to them on account of my love for Sammy. Do you think it would be right for me to try to love one of them or should I just wait, hoping for the return of my Sammy? DEARIE.

I would not take the rumors about Sammy's never returning to this country, too seriously. Do not military regulations require that they return here to be demobilized? The Service Bureau will assist you in tracing his address if you care to write to him. And I suppose it may seem trite and unfeeling for me to tell you to try to interest yourself in something else, but good, hard work has saved many a heartache and the world is full of interesting things.

TODAY'S TOPIC SOLDIER INTENDS TO STAY IN FRANCE.

A Soldier's Honest Confession.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

The following account of a one-sided love affair, in which I am one of the parties concerned, is not told in a spirit of boastfulness, but rather because this matter has caused me more or less anxiety, and I shall appreciate very much any advice you may have to offer.

First let me say that I heartily despise any man who will deliberately lead a girl to believe that he cares for her, and thereby, as is often times the case, win her confidence, and then suddenly "drop her," so to speak.

About three months ago, I became acquainted with a very nice young lady (eighteen years old) near a far distant city and got a great deal of enjoyment out of her almost daily company during the two weeks I was there, but I never had any serious thoughts concerning her. I was soon compelled to leave the place, at which time I gave her to understand that we'd probably never see each other again. Nevertheless, she gave me a letter to open en route to Washington. This letter contained few words and was a simple confession that she loved me. As I had not thought of her that way the letter probably made me smile at the time, but that was before I fully realized what it meant. She evidently thought I cared for her or she surely wouldn't have had the courage to write such a letter.

After two weeks in Washington, with no real friends to talk to, I became utterly lonely and one evening wrote the girl a letter. During the two weeks following I wrote her four or five more letters not love letters, but I did admit that I was lonely without her.

Quite recently I received a very touching letter from this girl and am at a loss to know how to answer it, or whether to answer it at all.

He Had a Similar Experience.

A number of years ago I had an experience similar to hers and know what it is. During my trouble the girl always encouraged me just enough to keep up hope, but she managed at the same time to keep me in doubt and misery, and that lasted for eighteen months. Eventually she told me in so many words that I had been a very good friend to her, but she didn't really care for me. I haven't fully recovered from that experience even at this late date, and I have absolutely no desire to embitter the life of anybody else, even for a short period of time.

I don't know what you'll think of a girl who would write a letter like the one this girl wrote me, but she certainly did it in all innocence, and my first impulse was to pity her, but that was the very thing that misled me several years ago, so I withheld. Shall I answer her letter, or is it better to forget the whole affair? I do not love her.

I'll greatly appreciate any advice you may have to offer.

A SOLDIER.

This young man has written a very honest and straightforward account of a rather unfortunate affair in which he is entirely blameless. He and the girl had an agreeable friendship, she fell in love with him and wrote to him to that effect.

According to his account he did not make love to her or do anything out of the ordinary to win her favor. They had a jolly girl-and-boy time which she took seriously and he did not. And according to modern standards, there is no reason why a man under such circumstances should marry a girl he does not love.

Nowadays women are regarded as more rational creatures than they were a generation or two ago, when a man was supposed to perform a very noble deed in coming to the rescue of love-sick damsels with a proposal of marriage. But today women are not so often the objects of such doubtful charity.

Few girls would care to be married out of a sense of pity, the worth-while ones buckle down to a job, a profession or study and turn their attention to something besides tears and sighs. At eighteen the world may look pretty black to disappointed love, but a normal girl of this age with plenty of wholesome interests in life is likely to have a half a dozen love affairs before she makes a final choice.

H. W. CORNELL favors me not only with the text of the age of Anne problem, but works it out for me. My client who asked about the problem only wanted the text but I am giving him all the answers that come to this column just to show that I deal in full measure. Mr. Cornell says the Anne matter is easy "as falling off a log." Ever try to fall off a log?

But here is a man's size problem.

Two ladders, one forty feet long, the other sixty, are standing in an alley, placed at the base against opposite sides of the alley, and each one leaning against the wall across the alley. The two ladders cross at a point fifteen feet above the ground. How wide is the alley?

I found a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles on Newark street hill. Whose are they?

Seems like the only place our teachers will get a raise is in the elevator.

Who Remembers?

BILL SMOOT, writing about Schneider's place, down by the Navy Yard gate, and the fine crabs, etc., obtained there for ridiculously small sums, rouses memories in another old-timer.

He wants to know who remembers: HENRY RABE's old tavern at Ninth street and Pennsylvania avenue southeast, where many a weary hunter or fisherman drank his fill? GEORGE WASHINGTON, HENRY CLAY, and other men of history had their stirrup-cup at this old oasis, known years ago as the Washington Inn. The place still stands, out of place, perhaps, in this new day and new order of thinking (without drinking).

JIM MAYNARD, past department commander of the Spanish War Veterans, wants to know what's become of the tub at Fifteenth street and New York avenue.

"The last I heard of it," says he, "a friend handed me a paper to sign agreeing to attend a 'near-beer' spread at a cozy place on Eleventh street in honor of you for giving it such an appropriate name, while making your large constituency of prolific correspondents believe they were naming it."

Birthday Leftovers.

"I allowed your birthday to get by, but I wrote you twice as much as everyone else wished you. You will be a great boy when you grow up. This from FRED S. WALKER. Thanks.

Speak out, Ye who are bold, Say not thy feet are cold; Answer, All you who can, How old is Ann? But hold; A new problem do we confront, Stand forth and take the brunt; Answer, Both sage and churl, How old is Earl? HAROLD F. STODDARD.

Well, I was an able-bodied candidate for the trenches when the second draft came: Well, doesn't anybody know what that mottled thing is in front of Childs?"

Just As Received.

You write in Monday's Times what would you give to see the Ex-Kaiser? Well I wouldn't give two cents and a rusty collar button to take a look at him because that's all the darn fools worth. MAK ZARIN.

The United States Geographic Board rendered the following decision at its meeting October 2. Read carefully: Whiskey; Creek, T. 38 N., R. 110 W., tributary to Green River from west, Fremont county, Wyo.

What's Doing; Where; When

Today.
Meeting—Board of directors of the Wilson Normal Community Center, lunch room of Wilson Normal School, 6 p. m.
Meeting—T. street branch of the Y. W. C. A. Florida Avenue Baptist Church, 7:30 p. m.
Meeting—Pastors' Federation of Washington, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, 10:30 a. m. Bishop W. F. McDowell will conduct services.
Dinner—McKendree M. E. Church, 4:30 p. m., with address by Dr. George A. Simmons of Peoria.
Meeting—West End Citizens' Association, Kilders' Hall, 822 Twentieth street northwest, 8 p. m.
Dinner—Captains and team workers in local Y. M. C. A. campaign, Central Y. M. C. A. building, 7 p. m.
Meeting—War workers from Nebraska, 2422 Ontario road northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Mid-City Citizens' Association, 1099 Seventh street northwest, 8 p. m.
Smoker—Michigan State Association, Washington Club, 1301 K street northwest.
1:30 p. m. Senators Smith and Cummins and Congressman Temple will speak.
Address—Conditions in Serbia, by Capt. Gordon Gordon-Smith, Kappa Kappa Gamma House, 1413 Massachusetts avenue northwest, 8 p. m.
Concert—Lobby of Central Y. M. C. A. building, 8 p. m., under direction of Louis Koster, organist at Calvary Baptist church.
Community Sing—Presbyterian Church on Maple avenue, in Takoma Park, 8 p. m. Walter McLachlan, of the Potomac M. E. church choir, soloist.
Meeting—Potomac Community Association, Powell school, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Criterion Club, Thomson Community Center, Thomson school, Twelfth and L streets northwest.
Meeting—The Little Players, a club for rhythmic dancing, Wilson Normal school, 8 p. m.
Tomorrow.
Annual meeting—Y. W. C. A., for election of directors, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Columbia Historical Society, greenhouse hall, for election of officers, 8 a. m.
Meeting—Bethel Literary Society and Historical Association, 8 p. m., with address by the Rev. George Frazer and Hubert Harrison.
Annual meeting and dinner—Washington Harvard Club, Raucher's, Connecticut avenue and L street northwest, 7:30 p. m. Gen. S. T. Ansell, U. S. army, will be speaker.
Official film of the Navy Department, official film of the Navy Department, Western High School, 8 p. m.

